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PUT'S

GOLDEN SONGSTER.

CONTAINING THE LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR COLLECTION OF CALIFORNIA SONGS EVER PUBLISHED.

By the Author of

"PUT'S ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA SONGSTER."

SAN FRANCISCO:
D. E. APPLETON & CO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,
BY JOHN A. STONE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Northern District of California.

PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Induced by the indulgence and favor you have extended to my previous "Local Songsters"—as also at the solicitation of many personal friends—I again adventure a *third series of observations* in verse, and trust that my efforts, as exhibited in the following pages, will receive your approval and support.

Originally commenced to relieve the tedium of a lonely cabin life, and with no thought at the time of their publication, I have endeavored to portray, as graphically as possible, LIFE IN CALIFORNIA, at a time when the restraints of society had to some extent become released; and I can only imagine—from the success which has attended my humble efforts—that I have "held the mirror up to Nature;" and if the *reflections* to some may seem *harsh*, I have only to say

that your recognition of their truthfulness has incited me to this characteristic production, and that I have "nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice."

This number corresponds in size to the "ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA SONGSTER," and being entirely different in matter and music, will be an acceptable companion to the patrons of the former editions. "PUT *this and that together!*"

Gratefully, yours,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE GOLDEN SONGSTER.

Loss of the "Central America."

Air—"Carry me back to old Virginny."

The "Central America," painted so fine,
Went down like a thousand of brick,
And all the old tubs that are now on the line
Will follow her, two at a lick.
'Twould be very fine were the owners aboard,
And sink where they never would rise;
'Twould any amount of amusement afford,
And cancel a million of lies.

Repeat—'Twould be very fine, &c.

These murdering villains will ne'er be forgot,
As long as America stands;
Their bones should be left in the ocean to rot,
And their souls be at Satan's commands.
They've murdered and swindled the people for years
And never will be satisfied
Till death puts an end to their earthly careers,
Then may they with demons reside.

Repeat—They've murdered and swindled, &c.

Parting Friends.

AIR—"The Drummer Boy at Waterloo."

With parting friends, no tongue can tell,
No heart can feel the grief and pain,
But those who bid good-by—farewell—
Perhaps to never meet again.
But those who bid good-by—farewell—
Perhaps to never meet again.

He goes—and soon home is forgot,
No tidings of him do they hear;
His vows to write he heeds them not,
Which causes many a silent tear.
His vows to write, &c.

No joy the dreadful wound can heal—
The tale of sorrow dies untold—
Still o'er his mind those words will steal,
"God speed thee to the land of gold!"
Still o'er his mind, &c.

With aching hearts and watery eyes,
In vain they look for his return;
"He's dead! he's dead!" the weeper cries—
As for the dead they for him mourn.
"He's dead! he's dead!" &c.

Washing.—Cæsar, what am de difference between an honest and dishonest washerwoman? Why de former irons your linen and de latter one steels it.

Air—Do they miss me at Home."

When the miner returns from his labor,
And lays himself down to repose,
He wonders the luck of his neighbor,
And how he got all his good clothes;—
But soon there's a change of sensation;
For sleep, the twin sister of death,
Will whisper a dream of relation
That soon will depart like a breath—
That soon will depart like a breath.

With his shovel and pick on his shoulder,
He starts in the morning to mine;
At noon he sits down on a boulder,
And wishes 'twas still '49;
For then he could do so much better.
But this is what troubles him most:
The mail has arrived—but no letter!
Why shouldn't he give up the ghost?
Why shouldn't he give up the ghost?

He can see the hot cakes in the kitchen,
The innocent children at play,
And see his old mother at knitting,
Who soon will be passing away.
Their letters are always inviting,
No matter how poor, to return;
But some one is always backbiting,
And saying, "He'll come—in a horn!"
And saying, "He'll come—in a horn!"

If his friends, old and young, could behold him,
With frying-pan baking his bread,
A wife or a sister might scold him,
Because it was heavy as lead.
Then one earning more than another,
Is what they don't well understand,
And lay it to this, that and t'other,
Conclude he is working in sand—
Conclude he is working in sand.

When the sleigh-bells are merrily ringing,
And music resounds at the ball,
Is some fond heart to him still clinging,
Or is he forsaken by all?
Perhaps they have heard of his stealing,
And wonder what people have lost;
If here they could tell by the squealing
And squawking in many a hen-roost—
And squawking in many a hen-roost.

Do they write to his friends that he's drinking,
And gambling his money away—
Pretend it was done without thinking,
Or trying to lead them astray?
From Death with grim visage inviting,
With horror their souls will recoil;
And demons will get them for writing,
And *deal* with them "'cording to *Hoyle!*"
And *deal* with them "'cording to *Hoyle!*"

A vain man's motto—Win gold and wear it.

Air—"Blue-tail Fly."

There is no land upon the earth,
Contains the same amount of worth;
And he that could not here reside,
Had ought to freeze the other side!

Chorus.—You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
Come yourselves and see!

We've got more gold than all the world,
A flag that wins whene'er unfurled,
And smarter men to help us through,
Than England, France or Mexico.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've smarter ships than Johnny Bull,
Larger sheep with finer wool;
A prison too! you cannot fail
To throw a *Bull* through by the tail.

Chorus.—You who don't believe, &c.

We raise the largest cabbage heads,
Got more and better feather beds;
Of everything we've got the best,
And *thieves* until you cannot rest.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

All ruffianism now is o'er,
The country's safer than before;
Our cities keep the rowdies straight,
Or send them through the Golden Gate.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got the highest mountains here,
Taller trees and faster deer,
And travel more, at higher rates,
Than people in the Eastern States.

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got the smartest river boats,
And, ten to one, old whiskey bloats;
We're blest with very heavy fogs,
And any amount of *poodle dogs!*

Chorus—You who don't believe it, &c.

We've got a few unmarried g'hals,
Railroads, ditches and canals;
Although we did repudiate,
A joke 'twas only to create.

Chorus—You who don't believe it, &c.

To one and all, both young and old,
You're welcome to the land of gold;
So come along, be not afraid,
We guarantee you *all* well paid!

Chorus.—You who don't believe it, &c.

Air—"Wait for the Wagon."

'Twould make our Eastern people cave,
To see the great and small,
The old, with one foot in the grave,
All "spiurging" at a ball.

Chorus.—Wait for the music!
Wait for the music!
Wait for the music,
And we'll all have a dance!

On foot they through the diggings wind,
And over mountains tall,
With young ones tagging on behind,
"Flat-footed" for the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A dozen babies on the bed,
And all begin to squall;
The mothers wish the brats were dead,
For crying at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The manager begins to curse,
And swaggers through the hall,
For mothers they've gone out to nurse
Their babies at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

Old women in their Bloomer rigs
Are fond of "balance all!"
And "weighty" when it comes to jigs,
And so on, at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A yearling miss fills out the set,
Although not very tall;
"I'm anxious now," she says, "you bet,
To proceed with the ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A married woman—gentle dove—
With nary tooth at all,
Sits in the corner making love
To some "pimp" at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

A drunken loafer at the dance,
Informs them one and all,
With bowie-knife stuck in his pants,
"The best man at the ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The Spanish hags of ill repute,
For brandy loudly call;
And no one dares their right dispute
To freedom at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

The gambler all the money wins,
To bed the drunkest crawl;
And fighting then of course begins
With rowdies at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

They rush it like a railroad car;
And often is the call
Of, "Promenade up to the bar,"
For whiskey at the ball!

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

"Old Alky" makes their bowels yearn,
They stagger round and fall;
And ladies say when they return,
"Oh, what a splendid ball!"

Chorus.—Wait for the music, &c.

Got it Cheap.—Tom Palmer came home yesterday, and his wife says, My dear, what shall we have for dinner? Why, one of your lovely smiles, replied Tom, I can dine on that any day. Yes, but I can't, said his wife. Well, then take this, said he, giving her a kiss. He then went out, and came back soon after for his dinner. This steak is excellent, said Tom, what did you give for it? Why, what you gave me this morning, said his wife.

The Mountain Cottage.

Air—"The Maid of Monterey."

One pleasant summer evening, 'twas in the month of May—
The flowers they were blooming, delightfully and gay—
The pick and shovel silent lay, the day's work being o'er:
A happy group assembled round the mountain cottage door.

(*Repeat.*)

The pick and shovel silent lay, the day's work being o'er;
A happy group assembled round the mountain cottage door.

A green old oak, with branches wide, hangs o'er the little ranch;
The birds are skipping to and fro with joy from branch to branch;
A lovely wife, in silver tones, is singing "Roam no more,"
And all is joy and comfort round the mountain cottage door.

A lovely wife, in silver tones, &c.

The old Sierras, fair to view, capped with eternal snow—
The rich and pleasant valleys lay fresh and green below—

A lovely child, with rosy cheeks, is playing on the floor,
And all is joy and happiness round the mountain cottage door.
A lovely child, with rosy cheeks, &c.

The summer's sun, when peeping through the lattice in the morn,
Beholds a smiling countenance, the cottage to adorn;
The towering pines' majestic forms defy the winds that roar;
While gently glides the brook beside the mountain cottage door.

The towering pines' majestic forms, &c.

'Tis high up in the mountain, a lovely spot indeed;
The window blinds are open;—ye single men, take heed—
No earthly joys can be compared, with heart and heart in store;
'Tis wealth and happiness around a mountain cottage door.

No earthly joys can be compared, &c.

A New Machine.—Pete, I hear say dat some Yankee down East hab invented a machine for taking de noise out ob thunder. Well, Bill I guess it's so, case I habn't heard any dis winter.

I'm Sad and Lonely Here.

Air—"Oft in the stilly Night."

I'm sad and lonely here,
Though joy and wealth surround me,
I dare not speak, for fear
Some fighting man will pound me.
Were I at home I would not roam
So far from thee again;
But there would camp for years to come,
Beside my Peggy Jane.

I'm sad and lonely here,
Though joy and wealth surround me;
I dare not speak, for fear
Some fighting man will pound me,

I long have looked for gold,
But little have I found;
I own that I've been sold,
For 'tis not in the ground.
I feel "as how" I'd sooner plow,
Yes, hoe or husk the corn;
Or even milk the brindle cow
That kicks so in the morn.

I'm sad and lonely here,
Though joy and wealth surround me,
I dare not speak, for fear
Some fighting man will pound me.

Reuben, what does you take for your cold? Why, Johnson, about four pocket handkerchiefs a day.

AIR—"Lily Bell."

In my ear their words are ringing,
Though I see their forms no more,
Still to hope I'm fondly clinging,
On this wild and golden shore.
Dreams of home, whene'er I slumber,
Carry me to friends so dear;
Morning comes, and with it hunger,
Mingled with a transient tear.

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

When the miner, cold and weary,
To his camp returns at night,
All around looks cold and dreary,
Gold has vanished from his sight!
When at home his name is spoken,
Does some loved one weep or sigh?
Or, are vows so sacred broken,
Given with the last good-by!

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

'Neath an oak beside the mountain,
Stands a miner's lonely grave,

Near a cool and sparkling fountain,
Far beyond life's troubled wave;
Now his friends are sadly weeping,
"Can it be he's dead and gone?"
Yes, in death he now lies sleeping,
Sleeping gently and alone.

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

Though I love the mountains dearly,
Where the savage, wild, doth roam,
Better still and more sincerely
Do I love my good old home!
When I'm roaming through the cañons,
'Mong the fir trees, dark and high,
Brings to mind my old companions
Bidding me *the last good-by!*

Chorus.—Oh, never, no, no, never,
Shall I, till the day I die,
Once forget those friends so clever,
Bidding me the last good-by!

A young girl named Mary Ann Aldridge, had occasion to send a note to a gentleman, and put two r's in her first name in the signature, thus: "Marry Ann Aldridge." The man was a bachelor, and he accepted the proposal at once.

Sacramento Gals.

AIR—"Bobbing Around."

The Sacramento gals are some,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
They're down on men what live on rum,
As they go nipping 'round.

They're pretty gals, I must confess,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
And "Lordy-massy" how they dress,
As they go nipping 'round.

On J street they are to be found,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
Their bustles lift them off the ground,
As they go nipping 'round.

Their hoops will reach around a dray,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
They're "airy" on a windy day,
As they go nipping 'round.

There's many a gal from Ar-kan-saw,
Nipping 'round, around, around,
Who well remembers hollowing "haw,"
As she went nipping 'round.

Their faces covered with paint and chalk,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
Their hoops take up the whole sidewalk,
As they go nipping 'round.

They're here and there, like Santa Anna,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
They're fresh and mellow as a ripe banana,
As they go nipping 'round.

Give me a rosy country gal,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
No matter if her name is Sal,
As she goes nipping 'round.

But of all the gals I ever see,
Nipping 'round, around, around;
The Sacramento gals for me,
As they go nipping 'round.

Old Swiggs came out of his house early one morning, and was much in want of a swig of cider. Thought he—How shall I get it? Seeing his neighbor's horse quietly grazing in a lot adjoining his cottage, a thought struck him. He went and drove the animal out into the road; then taking a gallon jug, he led the horse by the mane down a few rods to the owner's house. "Hello," said he, "here's your hoss!" Neighbor—"Well, what are you doing with him?" Swiggs—"Why, nothing, only I cotched him in my beans this morning, and so I thought if you was a mind to fill this 'ere jug with cider, I'd call it even!" The jug was filled, and the horse went to grass again.

Air—"The Raging Canawl."

When miners get into a row about their mining ground,
A miners' meeting then is called, and miners flock around;
Each party clearly states his case, then both proclaim aloud,
"We'll introduce our evidence, then leave it to the crowd."

A witness then is called upon, who tells a crooked yarn,
Declares the diggings "jumpable," so far as he can "larn."
Is positive they've not been worked as mining laws require,
And any man that says they have, he'll tell him *he's a liar!*

A witness on the other side tells quite another tale,
An interested party then presents a bill of sale,
And proves it clear, and furthermore, that he's been very sick,
Not able since he bought the claim to strike a single lick.

Now "Bob" brings up a man and proves "he has not been unwell,
But since the date of bill of sale has been as drunk as h—ll."

The friends of "Bob" begin to howl, and "Jake's"
begin to swear,
A few go in and fight it out, or "try it on the square."
A call is made from either side to hear the ayes and
noes—
By this time half the crowd is drunk, and care not how
it goes;
And all begin to curse and swear, and out with bowie-
knives,
All ready, should it come to blows, to take each others'
lives.

A drunken bully in the crowd throws off his hat and
coat,
And right or wrong, no matter which, he thus demands
the vote—
"Now all in favor of OLD BOB will please to hollow
AYE,
And all who vote the other way shall leave the dig-
gings dry."

The crowd send forth a hideous howl, and "Bob" has
won the day,
Who now invites all hands to drink before they go
away,
"Old Jake" concludes he's badly beat, and quietly re-
tires,
Well satisfied that "Bob" has raised *the largest crowd*
of liars!

Air—"Comin' through the Rye."

If a rowdy meet a rowdy,
Going down the street—
If a rowdy ask a rowdy,
Must a rowdy treat?

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy,
Ne'er a "tod" have I;
But all the rowdies follow me,
Whenever they are dry.

If a rowdy sees a rowdy
Take a glass of grog,
Should a rowdy call a rowdy
D——d infernal hog?

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy meet a rowdy,
Anywhere in town,
Should a rowdy curse a rowdy,
Knock a rowdy down.

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy sees a rowdy
Trying to raise a "fout,"
Should a rowdy say to rowdy,
"Go in, let's clean him out."

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

If a rowdy will be rowdy,
Ride him on a rail;
Tar the rowdy, feather rowdy,
Take him off to jail!

Chorus.—Every rowdy has his toddy, &c.

So would I.

If Eastern fops who paint their cheeks,
And wear their standing collars,
Would live and work with me two weeks
I'd give five hundred dollars.

For breakfast, ere we went to work,
We'd take a bite "for greens,"
For dinner we'd have beans and pork,
For supper, pork and beans.

If California was an eel,
A bullhead, shark or whale,
I'm satisfied, as I now feel,
That I would be the tail!

A sour old maid once asked the advice of a neighbor how she should get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh, marry him," was the advice. "Nay," said she, "I had rather see him hanged first." "That's all the same," was the reply, "for after your marriage it will not be long before he will hang himself."

Air—"Rosin the Bow."

I've travelled the mountains all over,
And now to the valleys I'll go,
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

In sight of huge mountains of snow,
In sight of huge mountains of snow—
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

I'll marry a rich señorita,
And live on a ranch in the west;
Have forty young greasers to greet her,
And fifty, if put to the test.

And fifty, if put to the test,
And fifty, if put to the test,
Have forty young greasers to greet her,
And fifty, if put to the test.

I'll wear a "right *pee-rt*" standing collar
And smoke cigaritos, of course;
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

I'll try and obtain a divorce,
I'll try and obtain a divorce—
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

I'm greatly in favor of mining,
With me, though, it does not agree;
I'd rather be gently reclining
With Beauty, upon a settee.

With Beauty, upon a settee,
With Beauty, upon a settee,
I'd rather be gently reclining,
With Beauty, upon a settee.

I'm not much in favor of thieving,
At all events, just as I feel;
But never will work for a living,
So long as I'm able to steal.

So long as I'm able to steal,
So long as I'm able to steal—
I never will work for a living,
So long as I'm able to steal.

A CONNECTICUT match-maker puts this postscript to his advertisement of Superior Friction Matches:

N. B.—I would here caution the boys not to come to see my darters unless they think of striking up a match. Their time is money, for I keep them to work. I suppose they must get husbands now while they are young, if ever, and therefore you fellers who really want wives, come on. But you who only want to joke, and take up the gals' time, stay away from the factory, if you please.

Air—"Midnight Hour."

On board the steamer, homeward bound,
With joyful hearts and noiseful glee;
Good-by! Good-by! Shake hands all round
Then travel o'er the sea.

Chorus.

But ne'er forget those pleasant times,
The mountains high and grizzly bear,
The good old camp up in the mines,
The mountains fresh and fair.

'Tis twelve at night, the moon shines bright,
The ship glides gently o'er the waves;
The soul is filled with pure delight,
And danger boldly braves.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

'Tis mirth and jollity on board—
The mind runs wild as home draws nigh—
No cheerless look, no angry word,
As homeward bound you fly.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

Good-by! good-by! to all again—
The long and tedious voyage is o'er;
Good-by! good-by! the raging main,
Long may thy billows roar.

Chorus.—But ne'er forget, &c.

War in Camp.

Air—"Woodman, spare that Tree."

First Miner.

Partner, leave that grub,
Touch not a single bean;
For that we've got to play the rub,
As you have acted mean!
I bought the mining tools,
And likewise blankets found;
Like many other fools
Took up our mining ground!

Second Miner.

You did not buy the tools,
Nor anything in camp;
But did, like other fools,
Steal them! you thieving scamp!
Our camp is very wide,
And each will take an end,
What grub we've got divide—
Then neither lend.

First Miner.

We ought to be ashamed
For acting as we do;
If I by accident got lamed,
What could I hope from you?

Second Miner.

Well, let us act like men,
And live within our means;
But don't you ever try again
To stop my eating beans!

Air—"Dandy Jim of Carolina."

There's no respect for youth or age
On board of a California stage;
But pull and haul about for seats
As bed-bugs do among the sheets.

Chorus.

They started as a thieving line
In eighteen hundred forty-nine;
All "oppesition" they defy,
So the people must "root hog or die."

You're crowded in with Chinamen,
As fattening hogs are in a pen;
And what will more a man provoke,
Is musty plug tobacco smoke.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

The ladies are compelled to sit
With dresses in tobacco spit;
The gentlemen don't seem to care,
But talk on politics and swear.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

The dust is deep in summer time,
The mountains very hard to climb;
And drivers often stop and yell,
"Get out, all hands, and push—*up hill!*"

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

The drivers, when they feel inclined,
Will have you walking on behind,
And on your shoulders lug a pole,
To help them through some muddy hole.

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

They promise, when your fare you pay,
"You'll have to walk but *half* the way;"
Then add *aside*, with cunning laugh,
"You'll push and pull the *stage half*."

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

They have and will monopolize
The business, till the *people's* rise,
And send them "kiteing" down below,
To start a line with Bates and Rowe!

Chorus.—They started as a thieving line, &c.

A STINGY Dutchman, who was very fond of cider, and always kept good cider in his cellar, was once called upon by a stranger. Stranger—"I hear, Mr. Schneider, that you keep the best cider around here." Schneider—"Yaas, I hash good cider—Hans, go draw a mug." The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, exclaimed, "Tare, ten—if you don't dink dat is coot cider, chust schmell of te mug!"

AIR—"Ben Bolt."

Oh don't you remember the shady old camp,
That stood by the side of the brook,
Where we lay on the ground after many a tramp,
And the fire-place where we used to cook?
The shady old camp has gone to decay,
And the ham bone has dropped from the pin;
The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

The roof and the door both have rotted away,
And the chimney has all tumbled in.

Oh, don't you remember the cool summer breeze,
So welcome in June and July,
And the table that stood 'neath the shady oak trees,
At the foot of the mountain so high?
The table is standing, as when we were there,
Though not as we often have seen,
For bushes have grown o'er the ground then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine!

For bushes have grown o'er the ground then so bare,
And miners have worked our ravine!

Oh, don't you remember the mountains of snow,
In sight from the camp all the year,
And the valleys so green, where the wild flowers grow,
And where we went hunting the deer?
The cool little brook where we used to drink,

Will always be running the same
As when we were talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

As when we were talking of home on the brink,
Or cursing the day that we came.

Oh, don't you remember the well-beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring,
And the potpies we made of the squirrel and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?
The trail and the spring we shall see them no more,
Though never forget till we die;
The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-by!

The shady old camp, with the ground for a floor,
Forever, we bid thee good-by!

DURING the recent war in India, a native commander captured a lot of English provisions, and among them several thousand circular canisters of preserved fresh meats and fish. The natives thought these were canisters of missiles (called canister-shot), and they fired them right into the British camp. One of the officers wrote home as follows: "For the last two days we have had showers of provisions fired into our fort, such as cooked lobster, turkey, chicken and other delicacies. Our soldiers are having a feast. The enemy have mistaken our preserved meats for canister-shot, and are using them for ammunition."

Air—"The Fatal Separation."

One stormy night, when winds blew wild
  Around his cabin door,
A miner sat on a *three* legg'd stool—
  The reason, it had not *four*.

Chorus.

And thus he spoke, while from his eye
  A tear rolled down his cheek—
"Oh, give me back my little home,
  For that is all I seek."

"I once possessed a cheerful heart,
  A poor though happy home,
Until misfortune did us part,
  And doomed me here to roam."

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

"The cry of GOLD gave life to life,
  A ray of hope appeared;
I started in the hellish strife,
  And found it as I feared."

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

"The wind is howling worse and worse—
  I know not what it means,
Nor do I care a single curse
  For I have burnid my beans!"

Chorus.—And thus he spoke, &c.

Air—"Old Dog Tray."

My happy days are past,
The mines have failed at last,
The cañons and gulches no longer will pay,
There's nothing left for me,
I'll never, never see
My happy, happy home far away.

Chorus.

Oh, happy home, now where art thou,
Friends that were kind and sincere?
Alas, I do not know, my heart is full of woe,
Thinking of loved ones so dear.

I mine from break of day,
But cannot make it pay,
Disheartened return to my cabin at night,
Where rattlesnakes crawl round
My bed made on the ground,
And coiling up, lay ready to bite.

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

My poor old leaky lamp
Is always cold and damp;
My blanket is covered with something that crawls:
My bread will never rise,
My coffee-pot capsize,
I'd rather live inside of prison walls.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

My boots are full of holes,
Like merchants, have no soles;
My hands, once so soft, are harder than stone;
My pants and woolen shirt
Are only rags and dirt;
And must I live and die here alone?

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

I know how miners feel
When pigs begin to squeal,
Or hens on their roosts to cackle and squall;
It makes my blood run cold
To think its all for gold,
And often wish that Gabriel would call!

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

It's "Starve or pay the dust,"
For merchants will not trust,
And then in the summer the diggings are dry;
Of course then I am broke,
Smoked up by poison oak;
It's even so, I really would not lie.

Chorus—Oh, happy home, &c.

I've lived on pork and beans,
Through all those trying scenes,
So long I dare not look a hog in the face;
And often do I dream

Of custard pies and cream;
But really it is a quite safe case.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

If I were home again,
To see green fields of grain,
And all kinds of fruit hanging ripe on the trees;
I there would live and die,
The gold mines bid good-by—
Forever free from bed-bugs and fleas.

Chorus.—Oh, happy home, &c.

A YANKEE and a Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly. Frenchman—"Vich piece vill you have—se piece wid se tail on him, or se piece vat haint got no tail?" Yankee—"The piece with the tail on." Frenchman—"Zen, by gar, you can take him, I take he ober one." Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it into the pig's mouth!

Air—"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."

The California people are determined if they find
Another rash a band of robbers
As the banting firm of Adams, from beginning to the
end,
They will hang them as they have a lot of rowdies.

Chorus.

So be careful all you rowdies and you rich banker
thieves,
Or the California people will hang you
So be careful all you rowdies and you rich banker
thieves
Or the California people will hang you, I believe.

They agreed among themselves they could easy make
a pile,
By stealing all they had on deposit;
They would do it by a failure, and be honest all the
while—
Then a million and a half—what a lot.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The merchant rushed in, looking whiter than a sheet,
The miner came tearing like a bull-dog;
Poor old washerwomen crying in the street,
And Johnny Bull croaking like a bull frog.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Women carried round on the shoulders of the crowd,
Really was a sight very funny;

Legs all bare, though they didn't seem to care,
They were bound to have a sight for their money.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The blind man said to the bankers, "I'm poor—
Surely, now, you don't intend to rob me!"
The Chinaman said, as they kicked him out the door,
"Me no shabee, John, me no shabee!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

In came the wind-bellied Yankee, out of breath,
And he says, "Old fellar, golf-darn ye!"
Then along came Pike, saying, "I'll be the death
Of you leatk rankers, dog-on ye!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

I. C. Woods asked something very strange,
So he owned, though he knew it wouldn't sound well.
He hid among the hills in the Contra Costa range,
With a bag of bogus dust—what a scoundrel!

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Ladies in the jam now and then were heard to say,
"Oh, Lordy-massy, how you squeeze us!"
When a Jew got to the counter, he began without delay,
"Vel, I vants my money, by Shesus!"

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Frenchmen they were squalling like a flock of hungry geese;
Vainly did they parley-voo-de-ding-dong.
Sauer-Kraut was hoping for a Justice of the Peace,
To send all the Yankee thieves to Hong Kong.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Adams he declared that his name was just a mile,
To give "The House" a wholesome reputation;
I. C. Wood says they both agreed to fail,
And swindle all o' God's creation.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

The bank robber Woods had to hunt another hole,
For many were determined they would kill him;
So he gathered up the money he maliciously had stole,
And away went the black-hearted villain.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Their "Receiver" is a thief—you can see it by his looks,
And the Lord knows what he wouldn't swear to;
After robbing all the money, why he then stole the books,
And a thousand other things that would scare you.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

They were thrown into the bay 'bout the middle of the night,
By the long-eared, fish-faced Cohen;
And the moment they were found he was quickly out of sight,

For he thought it was time to be goin'.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Page & Bacon, while dining, thought they'd make a strike,
Concluded in a hurry they would try it—
Pocket what they could, go a-kiting back to Pike—
Now I wonder if they ever will do it.

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Like a great many others, they were taken by surprise,
When they came to overhaul their plunder;
Instead of half a million they were sure to realize,
They hadn't stole a dollar, by thunder!

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

They were bound to make a raise, so they started in again,
And carried on a wholesale thieving,
Robbed the orphan, the widow, the farmer of his grain,
And were taken with—a very sudden leaving!

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

If the English and the French cannot take Sebastopol,
They had better let the job to the Yankees;
Uncle Sam will do it cheap, unless he is a fool—
He could steal it with the California bankers!

Chorus.—So be careful all you rowdies, &c.

Air—"I get in a Wearing Way."

I am a happy miner, I love to sing and dance;
I wonder what my love would say, if she could see my pants,
With canvas patches on the knees, and one upon the seam;
I'll wear them while I'm digging here, and home when I return.

Chorus.

So I get in a jovial way, I spend my money free,
And I've got plenty, will you drink lager beer with me?

She writes about her poodle-dog, but never thinks to say,
"O, do come home, my honey dear, I'm pining all away."
I'll write her half a letter, then give the ink a tip;
If that don't bring her to her milk, I'll coolly "let her rip."

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

They wish to know if I can cook, and what I have to eat,
And tell me should I take a cold be sure to soak my feet;
But when they talk of cooking, I'm mighty hard to beat—

I've made ten thousand loaves of bread the d——l could not eat

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I like a lazy partner, so I can take my ease,
Lay down and talk of going home, as happy as you
please;
Without a thing to eat or drink, away from care and
grief,
I'm fat and saucy, ragged too, and tough as Spanish
beef.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

The dark eyed señoritas are very fond of me,
You ought to see us throw ourselves when we get on a
spree;
We are saucy as a clipper ship dashing round the
horn,
Head and tail up, like a steer, cutting through the
corn.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I never changed my fancy shirt, the one I wore away,
Until it got so rotten I finally had to say,
"Farewell, old standing collar, in all thy pride of starch,
I've worn thee from December till the seventeenth of
March."

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

No matter whether rich or poor, I'm happy as a clam,
I wish my friends at home could look and see me as I am,
With woolen shirt and rubber boots, in mud up to my knees,
And lice as large as Chili beans fighting with the fleas.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

I'll mine for half an ounce a day, perhaps a little less;
But when it comes to China pay I cannot stand the press;
Like thousands here, I'll make a pile, if I make one at all,
About the time the allied forces take Sebastopol.

Chorus.—So I get in a jovial way, &c.

The father and mother of Mirabeau, the celebrated French writer, lived very unhappily together, and finally separated, much to the scandal of the Count de Mirabeau, *pere*, who thereupon employed his son to write a pamphlet in his defence. For this service, the son received one hundred louis d'ors. The pamphlet reflected somewhat severely upon the conduct of Madame, and she upbraided the writer as ungrateful and unfilial. "You misunderstand me, Madame," said Mirabeau, "I am still your devoted son; give me one hundred louis d'ors and I will earnestly vindicate your cause in another pamphlet against Monsieur le Compte, my honored father."

You go aboard of a leaky boat,
And sail for San Francisco;
You've got to pump to keep her afloat,
You have *that*, by jingo.
The engine soon begins to squeak,
But nothing to oil her;
Impossible to stop the leak—
Rip goes the boiler!

The captain on the promenade,
Looking very pale;
Steward and the cabin maid
Fighting 'bout a cabbage;
All about the cabin floor,
Passengers lie sea-sick—
Steamer's bound to go ashore—
Rip goes the physic!

A few have got the scurvy;
Chickens dying in their cage—
Steerage topsy-turvy.
When you get to Panama,
Greasers want a back-load;
Officers begin to jaw—
Rip goes the railroad!

When home, you'll tell an awful tale,
And always will be thinking
How long you had to pump and bail,
To keep the tub from sinking.
Of course you'll take a glass of gin;
'Twill make you feel so funny;
Some city sharp will rope you in,
Rip goes your money!

A Kentuckian lately visited New York and put up at the Astor House. When he was ready to leave, the clerk asked if he should send up for his baggage. "Wall, yes," said he, "it is so far up there, and rotted stairs, that you may send for it." The waiter went up and soon returned, saying there was no baggage in the room. "I forgot to tell you," said the lucky, "that I put it under my pillow, last night, there's so many of these strikers round." "What is it, then?" asked the waiter. "Why, a bowie-knife and a clean dicky, wrapped up in a piece of paper. My revolver I've got here, for I allers sleep with that in my inside pocket, d'ye see?"

I often Think of Writing Home.

Air—"Irish Molly, O."

I often think of writing home, but very seldom write;
A letter *now and then* I get, which fills me with delight;
But while I'm here with Romans, I'll do as Romans do,
And *let it rip*, till I return, and tell them all I know.

Chorus.

For it keeps a man a [illegible] to keep up with the times,
And "pen and ink" is very scarce with people in the mines,
And *writing* don't amount to much, unless you have the dimes.

If I would write them every mail I know it would them please;
But neighbors would their flock around them, like a swarm of bees—
And great would be the cry abroad that such a man's a fool,
And if he was a friend of mine, I'd have him sent to school.

Chorus.—For it keeps a man a humping, &c.

I've half a mind to drop a line and tell them I'm alive,
And watch the California boats whenever they arrive,

For I intend to home return, whene'er I feel inclined,
Then drop a line informing them I've lately changed my mind.

Chorus—For it keeps a man a humping, &c.

I like to live among the hills, and pleasant mountain towns,
And like the cities better since they drove away the hounds;
But were they fifty times as fair, for *all* I would not fail
To be a man forevermore, and write them every mail.

Chorus—For it keeps a man a humping, &c.

A FARMER in Ohio was sued by an unprincipled store-keeper for certain goods sold and delivered. The farmer went to a lawyer to defend him, declaring that he had never bought a dollar's worth of goods of the man in his life. Lawyer—"It is a bad case, then, for I assure you he would never sue under such circumstances unless he had witnesses to swear to the delivery of the goods." Farmer—"What shall I do, then?" Lawyer—"You'd better settle, and save costs, unless you can bring witnesses to prove that you've already paid the debt." The farmer took the hint; and when the trial came on he admitted the purchase, declared the debt had been paid, and proved the payment of the money. Thus the villainous store-keeper was beaten by his own game.

Air—"Villikins and his Dinah."

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
A tall shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral lal looral lal la,
Tooral lal looral, &c.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Their waggon broke down with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
A few little baby clothes done up with care—
'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the square.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

The shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,

When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay;
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
And they travelled along with his arm round her waist.

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

Long Ike and sweet Betsey attended a dance;
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings;

Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?
Dog on you! I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

This Pike County couple got married of course,
And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;
Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Good-by, you big lummux, I'm glad you've backed out!"

Chorus.—Tooral lal looral, &c.

A Western preacher who was discoursing on the parable of Lazarus and Dives, said: "You may think it strange, my friends, that our Lord took so much notice of a poor beggar; but begging in them days was a different kind of thing from our modern begging; individuals of this calling didn't then get from rich men's tables, as they do now, little bits of bread, and 'taters, and pork, and pickles; no, my hearers, they got great hunks of cake, and plates of pie, and sich things; hence we view, that Lazarus was in danger, when surrounded with dogs that might have stolen half his victuals!"

Air—"When I set out my little one."—(Old Style.)

When first I heard the people tell
Of finding gold in veins,
I bade my friends a long farewell,
And started o'er the plains.

And started o'er the plains,
And started o'er the plains—
I bade my friends a long farewell,
And started o'er the plains.

I joined a train and travelled on,
And all seemed satisfied,
Until our grub was nearly gone,
And I got alkalied.

And I got alkalied—
And I got alkalied—
Until our grub was nearly gone,
And I got alkalied.

My bowels soon began to yearn,
My legs begin to ache;
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.

Or winter at Salt Lake,
Or winter at Salt Lake.
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.

The Mormons knew that Uncle Sam
Had troops upon the route,
And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
Would help to clean them out.
Would help to clean them out,
Would help to clean them out,
And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
Would help to clean them out.

The distance then, one thousand miles,
Me in the face did stare,
For Brigham swore no d—d Gentiles
Again should winter there.
Again should winter there,
Again should winter there—
And Brigham swore no d—d Gentiles
Again should winter there.

I reached the mines with "navy red,"
Was treated rather cold;
I found no lumps, but found instead
I'd been completely sold.
I'd been completely sold,
I'd been completely sold—
I found no lumps, but found instead
I'd been completely sold,

I hope and pray that every man,

If mineral lands are sold,
Will drop his shovel, pick and pan,
And leave the land of gold.

And leave the land of gold,
And leave the land of gold,
Will drop his shovel, pick and pan,
And leave the land of gold.

In former years, eels were a staple commodity of food among the people of Derryfield, New Hampshire. A Down-East poet thus immortalizes the fact:

Our fathers treasured the slimy prize,
They loved the eels as their very eyes,
And of one 'tis said, with slander rife,
For a string of eels he sold his wife.

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the Derryfield beef,
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
That the children looked like eels in the face;
And before they walked it is well confirmed,
That the children never crept, but squirmed.

Such a mighty power did the squirmer wield
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield—
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only prayer,
For the present world, and the world to come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum.

He Ought to Know.

Air—"Twilight Dews."

The man who never saw our land
Knows more than we do *here*;
So hear that talk one morning, and
I'll treat to lager beer.

He'd have a different mining rig
From people now-a-days;
As others do *he* would not dig;
But hear him what he says:

"I've heard them say t'was *all in luck*,
But that's all very fine;
I'm satisfied—with diggings struck—
They don't know how to mine.

"At first I'd try some *small* ravine,
Take out an ounce a day.
I'd show them there I weren't an green
As some of them to-day.

"I know there's spots and places round
Which never have been dug,
And was I there they'd soon be found (!)
And likewise many a slug.

"I'd eat no beans, but pies and cake,
Avoid them thundering fools;
And should I go, I'd with me take
A kit of mining tools.

"I would not hang around saloons,
Nor wear those woolen skirts,
But 'galluses' with pantaloons,
Instead of saddle girts.

"If people there were civilized,
I'd go and stop swilling
And he who'd by me be advised,
Like me would make a pile!

A Hoosier Judge.—A case was tried out West of a merchant suing a young man to recover the price of some clothing which he had furnished him. The debt was fairly proven, when the young man sought to evade its payment by pleading non-age. "Jess Hawkins!" exclaimed the judge, "you are an infernal rascal, you good-for-nothing sneak, you! will you stand there and plead the baby act, and cheat the man out of his money, after you've been cavorting about the country with his goods? Though the law may favor you, I won't stand it. I'll not give these big lawyers a chance to help you; and if you don't pay over the amount, my son Tom, than, shall lick you quicker nor a streak of greased lightnin', before you leave the court-room." The counsel for the defendant remonstrated against this treatment of his client; but a suggestion from the judge, that he would be the next victim of his son Tom, unless he was "mighty fearful," quieted him, and the young man actually paid over the amount in controversy.

Air—"New York Gals."

Hangtown gals are plump and rosy,
Hair in ringlets mighty cosy;
Painted cheeks and gassy bonnets;
Touch them and they'll sting like hornets.

Chorus.

Hangtown gals are lovely creatures,
Think they'll marry Mormon preachers;
Heads thrown back to show their features—
Ha, ha, ha! Hangtown gals.

They're dreadful shy of forty-niners,
Turn their noses up at miners;
Shocked to hear them say "gol durn it!"
Try to blush, but cannot come it.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

They'll catch a neighbor's cat and beat it,
Cut a bean in halves to eat it;
Promenade in silk and satin,
Cannot talk, but murder Latin.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

On the streets they're always gr nn g;
Modestly they lift their linen;
Petticoats all trimmed with laces,
Matching well their painted faces.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

To church they very seldom venture—
Hoops so large they cannot enter;
Go it, gals, you're young and tender,
Shun the pick and shovel gender.

Chorus.—Hangtown gals are lovely creatures, &c.

Air—"Molly Bly."

The miner when he goes to sleep, soon begins to snore;
Dreams about his friends at home, whom he may see no more;
A lovely wife or sister dear he may have left behind;
Perhaps a father old and gray, a mother good and kind.

Chorus.

Now will you, say will you, listen while I sing
A song that's called the miner's dream?
'Twill joy and comfort bring.

His boyhood years return again, his heart is filled with joy—
Is rolling hoops or playing ball as when he was a boy.
'Tis winter time—he's skating now, of which he was so fond;
'Tis summer now—he's swimming in the old familiar pond!

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

His boyhood days are past and gone, for now he is a man—
Is going to California to try the pick and pan;
Bright visions now of happiness are dancing o'er his mind;
Disturb him not, but let him dream so long as he's inclined.

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

His mind is home among the fields of wheat and yellow corn—
Sits down beneath an apple tree, all shady in the morn;
But morning comes—and at his door a neighbor gently knocks;
He wakes, and finds himself in bed among the hills and rocks.

Chorus.—Now will you, say will you, &c.

Then Hurrah for Home.

Air—"A Few Days."

I'm going home to stop awhile;
Farewell! Farewell!
Before I go we'll take a smile,
Then hurrah for home!
These banking thieves I will not trust,
Farewell! Farewell!
But with me take my little dust,
Then hurrah for home!

Oh, won't I have some high old times,
Farewell! Farewell!
Telling yarns about the mines?
Then hurrah for home!
I'll leave this world of rags and dirt,
Farewell! Farewell!
And wear a plug and ruffle shirt!
Then hurrah for home!

I'll put on airs like Harry Meiggs,
Farewell! Farewell!
Live on oysters, ham and eggs,
Then hurrah for home!
I'll stink enough to pay my fare,
Farewell! Farewell!
Return when tired of staying there,
Then hurrah for home!

Chorus.

Although I like the diggings,
Farewell! Farewell!
Although I like the diggings,
I'm going to leave!
For I can't always be with you,
Farewell! Farewell!
For I can't always be with you,
Then hurrah for home!

(*Repeat.*)

Air—"Walk ye in."

The only legal swindle which the people cannot sever,
Is the steamboat imposition on the Sacramento river,
It would surely be a blessing if the company would fail;
Then should any other organize, ride them on a rail.

Chorus.

Remember now! remember now! remember what I say;
Keep your hands upon your money, or they'll rob you on the way—
Keep your hands upon your money, or they'll rob you on the way—
If you don't believe it, try it, either to or from the Bay.

They have robbed a world of people, still there's none that say a word,
For if ever they were passengers, they'd be thrown overboard;
If they start an opposition, then eight out of every nine
Will support the *imposition* of the combination line.

Chorus.—Remember now! remember now! &c.

When you start from Sacramento and get stuck upon the sand,
All you have to do is jump ashore and foot it up by land.
If the devil ever gets them, he will *Put* them every soul,
In the lowest pits of purgatory, there to shovel coal.

Chorus.—Remember now! remember now! &c.

Air—"The Irish Emigrant's Lament."

I'm mining in a dry ravine,
That may not pay at all;
I've dug a long and fancy drain,
To sluice through in the fall;
But should the rain hold off till late,
And keep me in suspense,
I'll write a line and tell dear Kate,
My hide is on the fence.

When I have filled my pockets with "rocks,"
I'll live an easy life;
I'll buy an Allen pepper-box,
Likewise a bowie-knife.
No man shall rob my camp at night,
No, even he weighs a ton;
I'll show that miners are some on the fight,
And a "right smart chance" on the run.

The money "*I'm looking for!*" troubles me now,
And unless I should build a balloon,
To send it safe home I've no idea how,
No more than the man in the moon.
'Twould never arrive should I send it by mail,
For they'd steal it and spend it for beer,
And sharpers would swindle me some way or fail,
So I think I'll enjoy it here.

I've never done anything here I regret;
Hard work and I cannot agree;
Like other poor devils I'm hugely in debt;
But don't be alarmed about me—
My debts will outlaw, and then I shall be free
With the world, as I'll be when I quit;
Then dress and appear like a rich millionaire—
Like Brigham, "I'll git up and git."

Mining Localities Peculiar to California.

Jim Crow Cañon,
Happy Valley,
Ground Hog's Glory,
Red Dog,
Hell's Delight,
Jackass Gulch,
Devil's Basin,
Bogus Thunder,
Ladies' Cañon,
Dead Wood,
Last Chance,
Miller's Defeat,
Gouge Eye,
Greenhorn Cañon,
Loafer Hill,
Puke Ravine,
Shanghai Hill,
Mad Cañon,
Plug-head Gulch,
Shirt-tail Cañon,
Guano Hill,
Slap Jack Bar,
Skunk Gulch,
Rattlesnake Bar,
Quack Hill,
Snow Point,
Wild Cat Bar,
Paradise,
Nary Red,
Dead Mule Cañon,
Blue-Belly Ravine,
Gas Hill,
Dead Man's Bar,
Wild Goose Flat,
Sluice Fork,
Ladies' Valley,
Brandy Flat,
Shinbone Peak,
Graveyard Cañon,
Gridiron Bar,
Seven-up Ravine,
Gospel Gulch,
Hen-Roost Camp,
Loafer's Retreat,
Chicken-Thief Flat,
Lousy Ravine,
Humpback Slide,
Hungry Camp,
Lazy Man's Cañon,
Swellhead Diggings,

Coon Hollow,
Murderer's Bar,
Whiskey Bar,
Pepper-Box Flat,
Poor Man's Creek,
Poverty Hill,
Nigger Hill,
Humbug Cañon,
Greasers' Camp,
Seventy-Six,
Bloomer Hill,
Christian Flat,
Piety Hill,
Grizzly Flat,
Rough and Ready,
Hog's Diggings,
Rat Trap Slide,
Ragtown,
Brandy Gulch,
Pike Hill,
Sugar-Loaf Hill,
Liberty Hill,
Port Wine,
Poker Flat,
Love-Letter Camp,
Mud Springs,
Logtown,
Cayote Hill,
Skinflint,
Git-up-and-git,
Poodletown,
American Hollow,
Gopher Flat,
Yankee Doodle,
Gold Hill,
Stud-Horse Cañon,
Horsetown,
Pancake Ravine,
Bob Ridley Flat,
Petticoat Slide,
Centipede Hollow,
One Eye,
Chucklehead Diggings,
Nutcake Camp,
Push-Coach Hill,
Mount Zion,
Seven-by-nine Valley,
Puppytown,
Barefoot Diggings,
Paint-Pot Hill.